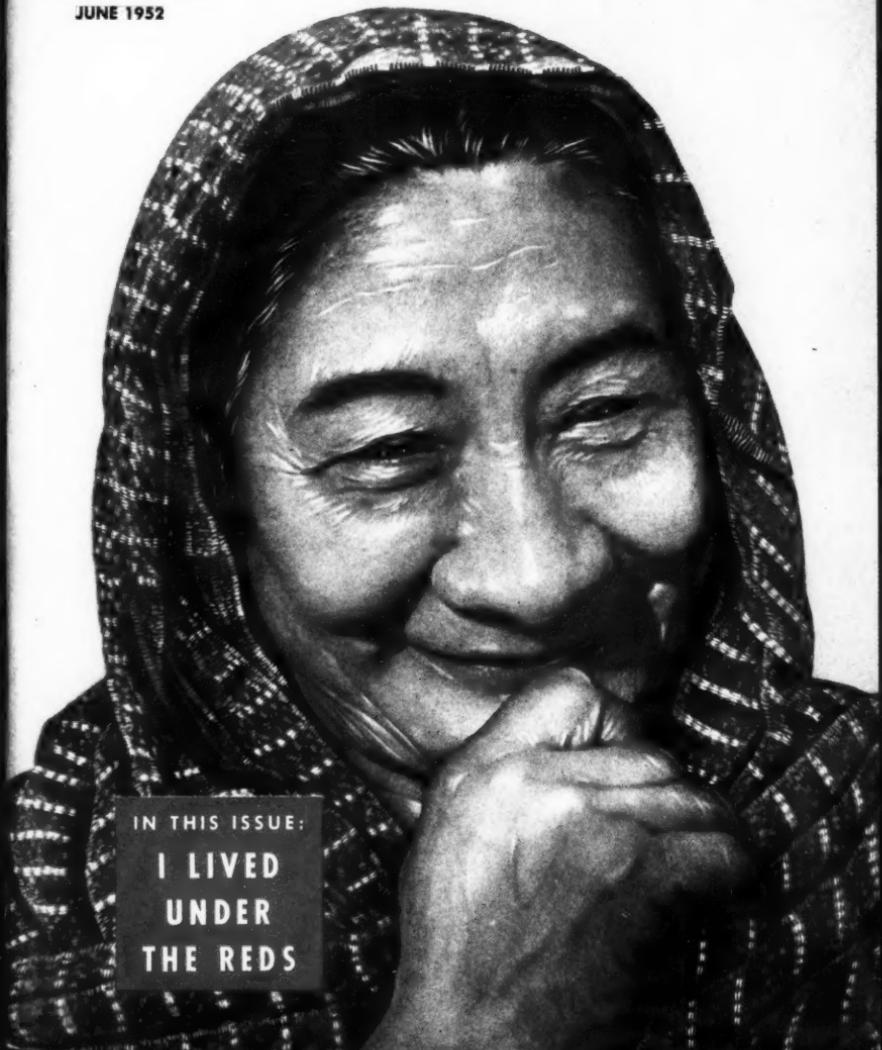


THE FIELD AFAR

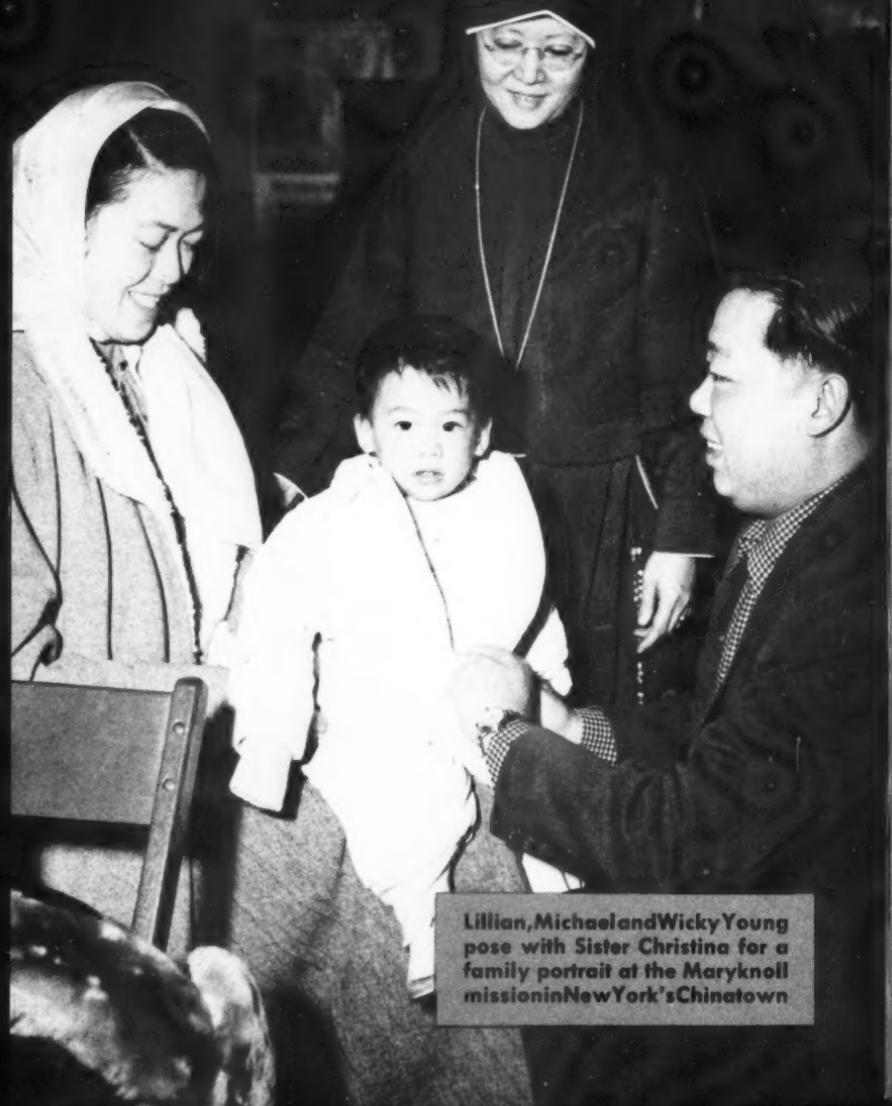
Maryknoll

JUNE 1952



IN THIS ISSUE:

I LIVED
UNDER
THE REDS



Lillian, Michael and Wicky Young
pose with Sister Christina for a
family portrait at the Maryknoll
mission in New York's Chinatown



BY WILLIAM A. KASCHMITZ

MR. NAKAJIMA SELDOM SLEEPS

**A key to five Christianities was
bestowed in a chance meeting.**

■ NEAR the famous Karasaki Pine Tree, on the shores of Lake Biwa, is Maryknoll's center house for Japan. One day its director, Father Joseph Hunt, traveled thirty miles north to Aoyagi to say Mass for some soldiers. He found lodging for the night in the house of a Mr. Nakajima. The

next morning Father Hunt invited his host to attend Mass. Mr. Nakajima watched the ceremony in awe. After some inquiry about the Catholic religion, Mr. Nakajima asked to become a catechumen.

When Father Clement Boesflug opened a new parish in Sakamoto, which included the whole north coast of Lake Biwa, Father Hunt introduced Mr. Nakajima to the new pastor. Both priests were entertained at a modest banquet in the Nak-

jima home. After the meal, Mr. Nakajima asked Father Boesflug to build a church in his village. Father told him that it was necessary to have Catholics before a church could be erected. However, Father Boesflug offered to come to Mr. Nakajima's home once or twice a month, on condition that Mr. Nakajima would gather a group together to listen to religious instruction.

The offer was accepted and Father Boesflug visited Aoyagi twice a month, addressing no less than sixty persons on one occasion. All of this happened in 1948. During the following year, twenty of Mr. Nakajima's neighbors were baptized. Now Father Boesflug has an attendance of almost forty people, when he says Mass in a rented building not far from Mr. Nakajima's home.

Among the first of Mr. Nakajima's converts was a distant relative. This man had been repatriated from Manchuria and was attempting to establish a new village in the nearby mountains. Enthused over what he heard, he wanted Catholicity to be the one and only religion in his "Village of Peace." He invited Father Boesflug to visit the village as often as he could so as to instruct the people.

Mr. Nakajima's relative offered Father Boesflug a sizable piece of

property free, on condition that a church would be built on it. Father has built a tiny chapel there in the mountains. And today twenty of the forty villagers are Catholics. Ten are catechumens, and the rest are still thinking it over.

Father Boesflug was giving an instruction one day in Mr. Nakajima's home. In the audience was a stranger from Yokohama, who came up to speak to the priest, after the talk. Introducing himself as Mr. Uehara, he complained that his tax bill was much too high, and asked if anything could be done about it. Father Boesflug wrote to the tax office, and received a letter saying that a mistake had been made in the calculations and was being rectified.

Mr. Uehara was grateful and invited Father Boesflug to give a talk in his home. Sixty persons were present for the first meeting and Mr. Uehara has since remodeled the attic of his home, to serve as a chapel. Mass is said and religious instruction is given, at regular intervals.

Meanwhile, Father Boesflug accompanied Father Steinbach on some of his trips around the villages, collecting supplies for the poor in Kyoto. In this way, Father Boesflug met Mr. Hatta, assistant mayor of Aiba. Mr. Hatta is also a relative of

Mr. Nakajima and had been present for several of Father's talks at the Nakajima home. He was deeply impressed by the charity work of the priests. Mr. Hatta invited Father Boesflug to give instructions to his relatives and neighbors. Soon Mr. Hatta is going to let Father use one of the houses he owns, to serve as a chapel. He refuses any rent.

Father Boesflug keeps a special calendar of all the Japanese festivals celebrated in the villages in his district. He tries to be present for as many as possible. The villagers seem flattered to have a friendly and sympathetic foreigner present for such occasions. Frequently he gets special invitations.

One such invitation came from a druggist whose brother is a close friend of Mr. Nakajima. Father Boesflug met about sixty persons at a banquet on this occasion. The druggist provided a lecture hall, and has urged Father to come and speak to his friends as often as he can. The audiences average about sixty persons, including the wife of the mayor and the wife of the postmaster. The villages mentioned so far are rather remote. Father Boesflug's main work is in the historic town of Sakamoto, a Buddhist stronghold. The region is said to have about 3,000 Buddhist temples.

The parish of Sakamoto was established in 1948. The mayor and 500 people were present for the dedication of St. Paul's church. The mayor, who has since become a Catholic, was the chief speaker on that occasion. The backbone of the parish is a zealous group of young

men and women. Father also has about forty of the townspeople under instruction. The only kindergarten and nursery in Sakamoto is conducted by two Catholic women on a self-supporting basis.

Special features that have played an important part in the brief history of the parish were a lantern procession organized by the young people on Christmas Eve and a procession of Our Lady of Fatima from the church to the lakeside. Some 200 persons took part. A special All Souls' Day program attracted hundreds of townspeople. An outstanding event was the living Rosary, held on the church grounds last year. As each member of the Rosary finished his or her prayer, another candle was lit in the darkness. This drew huge crowds.

Last but by no means least are Father Boesflug's activities on behalf of the patients in a large tubercular sanatorium near the village of Wani. About thirty of the patients listen regularly to Father's weekly instructions. The mayor of Wani has asked that a church be built in his town, but that is a project for the future. It was this mayor who introduced Father Boesflug to the editor of the main women's newspaper in Shigaken. The editor invited Father Boesflug to write articles on the Church for each issue. The newspaper has a circulation of about 10,000.

Through the help of Mr. Nakajima and many like him, Father Boesflug has started many new Christian centers, which give great promise for the future.



HIPPO FOR DINNER

BY ALPHONSE A. SCHIAVONE

■ BROTHER FIDELIS started the excitement. One shot from his rifle killed a hippo, three hundred yards off the shore of Lake Victoria, in Africa. That shot precipitated what the natives consider a game of sport.

The hippo began to float in to shore. Fifteen natives, their wet bodies glistening in the noonday sun, stood ready, hip-deep in the water. Pushing with bulging and straining muscles, they rolled the huge beast over and over again,

ever so slowly. Each roll was preceded by the shouting of as many orders as there were heads, and the long-drawn-out chant of the leader: "Sukuma! Sukuma!" ("Push! Push!")

As each Mukuaya tribesman cut off his chunk of meat, he hurled it up and back over his head to the women and children waiting outside the circle of shouting, excited men. The women and children snatched up the pieces and ran to



the family stands. Each worker knew just where to hurl his piece and each woman knew just which piece was for her family.

Once the meat was divided, there were laughter, joking, back-slapping, and all the gaiety that comes with the anticipation of a feast of hippo meat roasted over an open fire in the village yard. In the center of the circle, there was an earthen pot of thick, mealy beer; this would be sipped through long, hollow reeds. There would be the spinning of yarns and the reviewing of the game just played. There would be shouting and singing, and a feeling of contentment beneath the moonlit sky. It had all been a game; serious no doubt, but serious in the same way that our football and boxing matches are serious.

At times tempers were heated, but in the end there was the congeniality of sportsmanship. All were victors.

One of the most fascinating sights of the whole episode was a lad, about knee-high to the proverbial grasshopper. He stood off at one side during the excitement. In his hand was a piece of raw hippo meat. He was chewing on this, with the mixture of eagerness and leisureliness of a boy eating an ice-cream cone he wants to last a long time. The Mukuaya consider hippo meat a delicacy.

Brother Fidelis fired one shot. A hippo was killed. A hundred natives felt the repercussion. And the Fathers were given a chance to see the natives among whom they work, in an interesting and revealing light.



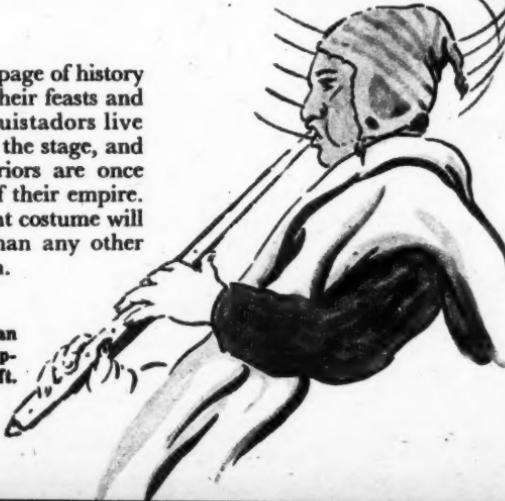


Indian women wear as many as 15 skirts; when they pirouette, a rainbow appears.

PERUVIAN PAGEANT

■ PERUVIANS love a page of history told in drama. For their feasts and carnivals, the conquistadors live again, Pizarro struts the stage, and the great Inca warriors are once more in possession of their empire. An amateur's pageant costume will be more valuable than any other clothing he may own.

The celebrated Peruvian singer, Raimi Tkela, appears at the extreme left.





CHILDREN OF THE SUN

All Peru is in the Torrid Zone, but the high elevation of a great portion of the country keeps its climate equable. Particularly in the mountains, we admire the dazzling brightness of the sun, the beauty of the great outdoors. When the Indians adorn themselves for a *fiesta*, and thousands gather — as in the neighborhood of fantastic Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital — we witness a triumph of color, and ancient rhythmic dances. Year-long pageantry is enacted by this ceremonious people.



The llamas (right) gather



gather near an old Cuzco fort. The costumed dancers (above) attend a fiesta at a tropical hacienda.

Musicians participate in the tiger dance during the pre-Lenten carnival.









The costumes above represent a blend of pre-Spanish styles with ideas received from the conquerors. Wearers of the striped costumes below are stage warriors; those in other garb represent ancient Inca officials.



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Simple, homely traits continue to make America great, to prompt all of us to be devoted to the needy of the earth, for whom we gladly make substantial sacrifices. I am reminded of this by a very spontaneous letter that I have just received from an old and dear friend.

"Please publicize the love of the American people for Lincoln. That love, so beautifully expressed in the Lincoln Memorial, cannot fail to embarrass our accusers who say we love those among the rich who are greedy. When some years ago I came upon a statue of Lincoln in one of London's great squares, my head whirled and my eyes filled. In erecting that statue, the English swore so much that they had formerly seemed to claim as necessary — a distinguished grandfather, a property, a famous school. He had none.

"**Thomas Jefferson** did not mean only that 'All men are created equal'; he meant that 'A man is enough.' Lincoln proves it. Lately Claude Bowers, our American Ambassador to Chile, addressing an American association in Santiago, said, 'It is a significant fact that in Jefferson's private library there were the works of Cardinal Bellarmine' (Saint Robert Bellarmine). If a Catholic had made that statement, it would have merely made me

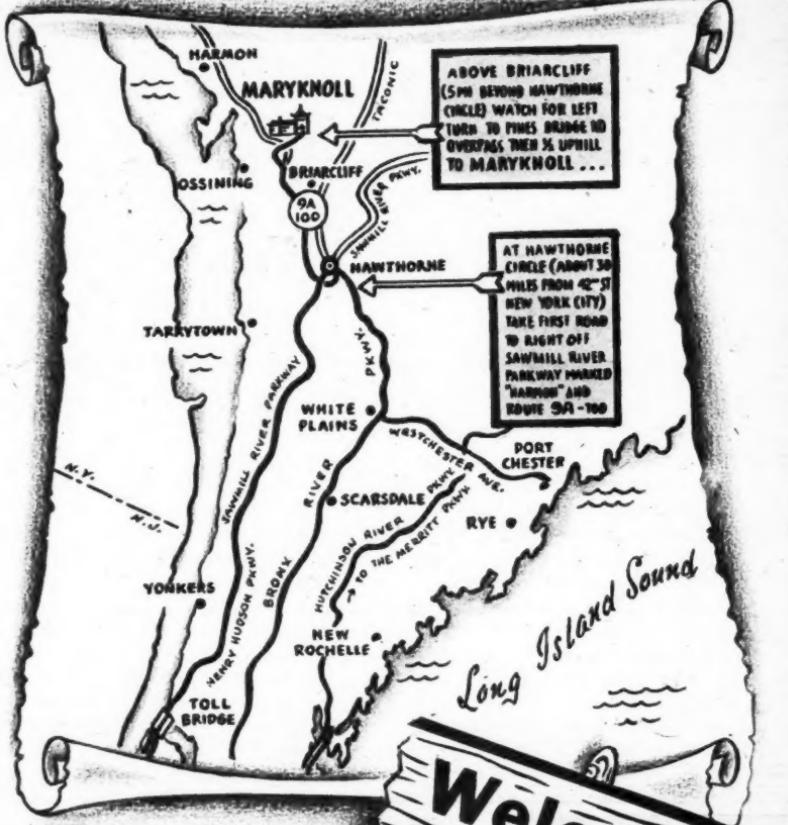
smile. But Claude Bowers, scholar and historian that he is, knows quite a good deal about Thomas Jefferson.

"If Saint Robert Bellarmine helped to supply Thomas Jefferson with the convictions that have made life in these United States so much more dignified and sincere for the common man, let us follow through by shouting praises for the people who made Lincoln their leader and who do not forget him.

"This is a time of stress. The people of the United States are carrying a load such as no other people ever carried. They could do with a few words of praise! May the Maryknoll Fathers be inspired to say these good words."

We gladly concur because we witness constantly the fine flower of American life as it goes forth to heroic sacrifice for God in the person of Catholic America's missionaries. There is much about American life that is superficial and millions among us miss completely the role to which America is called to help bring the finer things of life to the entire human race. Catholics must not fail in this respect; by our very name we are the brothers of all men.





■ This Summer, if your vacation jaunt takes you near New York, journey the 30 miles up the beautiful Saw Mill River Parkway to Hawthorne Circle, and by Route 9A to Ossining and Maryknoll. We shall have a warm welcome ready for every friend of Maryknoll whether from Maine or California or points between, above or below.

Ito-san Talks to Jesus

The spark was there; it was fanned into a fiercely burning flame.

BY JAMES F. HABENICHT

■ I HAD BEEN in our new parish of Fushimi, in Japan, only a few days. The boy who served my Mass made a particular impression on me. Just one look at him told me that he had the look of a priest-to-be written all over him. I got part of the story from him; part from the catechist; and part from the pastor, Father Witte.

Ito-san is just twelve years old. He is the only Catholic member of the family. Father Witte told me that ordinarily he would not baptize a boy under those circumstances. But Ito-san was and is an unusual boy.

For some months Father Witte had noticed Ito-san at Mass and at the other devotions of the parish. Finally Father Witte had asked him, "Ito-san, what makes you want to become a Catholic?"

"I love to go to Mass, and I love to be in church and talk to Jesus," was the boy's reply. He asked if he

could be a server before being baptized. Father Witte told the boy that he would need the permission of his parents. He visited the boy's home and found the mother agreeable enough. The father was not opposed, yet not over-eager. Ito-san was instructed and baptized.

Not long after that, the lad told his parents he did not intend to go to the nearby Protestant high school, where his older brother and sister had gone, but rather to the new high school run by the Viatorian Fathers in Kyoto. He told his parents that he wanted to become a priest. We hope and pray that all will turn out as he wishes, and that we shall see Ito-san's dream fulfilled.

The idea of a boy going to the seminary is as beautiful here in Japan as anywhere in the world. But to this is often added a special note of sacrifice. When a Japanese enters the seminary he breaks with

the tradition of carrying on the family name. All Japanese, whether Christian or not, have great pride in the responsibility of carrying on the family name. Fortunately, Ito-san is not the only son or the oldest son, so the family pressure is not too great. If Ito-san were the oldest son he would either have to marry or renounce all claim to his father's inheritance; it would pass to his younger brother. Japanese custom carries it so far that an oldest son who goes on for the priesthood must renounce his name; he is given a new family name, of which he is the only holder.

I know of one case where that actually happened. Paul Oka, who was ordained last December for the Kyoto Diocese, was the oldest son. He had to transfer his rights as oldest son, to his second brother. Father Paul Oka comes from an old Catholic family of Fushun, Manchuria. He had been a seminarian before the start of World War II. He was drafted for service in the Japanese Army and rose to the rank of lieutenant. During all the war years, Paul never forgot his ambi-

tion to be a priest. On more than one occasion his superior officers suspected him of disloyalty because of his kindness to the priests and Sisters he met while fighting in China. Many was the time that Paul commanded the shock troops who were the first to enter a Chinese town. Paul's first concern was to find the Catholic mission and see that it was protected. He gave stern orders to his troops that the church was to be carefully guarded from vandalism.

After the security of the church building was seen to, Paul satisfied his longing for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Then he visited the priests and Sisters at the mission, and helped them in many ways. Quite a few missionaries in China could testify to Paul Oka's fine grasp of the Catholic Faith.

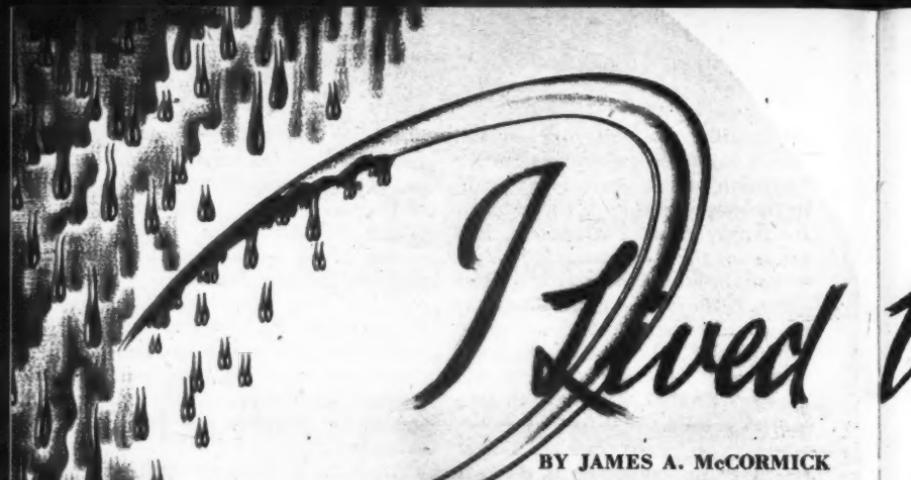
After V-J Day, Paul returned to the seminary to resume his studies. Father Oka's father is still a prisoner of the Reds in Manchuria. Happily, his mother and brothers and sisters are safe in Tokyo.

Native priests are supreme signs of mission progress.

"He is the first who circled me."

JUAN DEL CANO, in command of the remnant of Magellan's expedition that was the first to circumnavigate the world, was granted the right to inscribe on his escutcheon a globe with the following sentence below it: "*Primus circumdedi me*" — "He is the first who circled me." Father Francis X. Clark, S.J., comments on the incident as follows: "So we dream of the day when the Church will be fully established everywhere, and a similar inscription can read, '*Ecclesia circumdedi me*' — 'the Church has circled me.' "





FOR MANY American people, communism is still nothing more than a word — a bogey man used to frighten them into paying higher taxes and making sacrifices. For millions of men and women in the Orient and elsewhere, communism is a tyrannical way of life: a great, wall-less prison, in which no freedom or liberty exists, whose guards hold the power of life and death, and even the control of what their prisoners shall think.

I know, because I lived under the Communists.

When I returned to China in 1947, after a year's furlough in the United States, I was immediately struck by the anti-American feeling. Americans in Shanghai told me that the ricksha coolies and dock laborers believed that it was the



BY JAMES A. McCORMICK

Communist armies, and not the Americans, who drove the Japanese out of China in World War II.

Besides being anti-American, this well-laid propaganda campaign was also directed against the Chiang Kai-shek government. Charges of corruption, graft, inefficiency, and incompetence were on everyone's lips. Yet in those last two years of life under the Nationalist Government, I never met anyone who said that he personally had experience with any grafter. It was always someone else. When the Communist revolution was over, some of the officials in my region who had been most "negligent" in their duties, and had used the most severe means to collect taxes, preyed to have high jobs in the Red hierarchy.

The trap has been sprung. Millions of Chinese
are finding out the hard way what it means to
live in a country that is a puppet of Russia.

Under the Reds

In the army, it was the same story. Soldiers who were willing to fight were told: "Don't fight! Give up! The General has sold out to the Reds." Unless the Reds had an overwhelming number of troops, they retreated. When they massed sufficient forces, they sent word to the Nationalists that they were outnumbered by four to one. My own town was captured by 200 guerrillas, mostly high-school boys, who used this combination of force and fraud.

After the militia left, the Reds moved into the county buildings and set up a local government. The Communists then carried on a full-scale attack aimed at disrupting transportation and disorganizing business. They hoped to create dissatisfaction among the people and weaken the influence of the businessmen. Red guerrillas burned all bridges to prevent trucks from transporting food and other essentials. The cost of food climbed higher each day. Raw materials for manufacture were unavailable, and unemployment be-

came widespread. Meanwhile, the people were promised everything, once the Reds had seized power.

Now after two years of communism there are no new factories. Wages are high — but there is no work. Prices have come down because the Reds fixed them, but the people have no money to buy with. Faced by this problem, the Communists have found a new solution: the Chinese population must be reduced. The Reds have put this

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Father James A. McCormick is a native of Clarks Summit, Pa. He was assigned to South China in 1931. There he carried on regular mission work, and in addition organized co-operatives to improve the economic life of his people. The Reds imprisoned him for six months and then expelled him from China.



The author's best years were given to this part of China. He can never forget that.

policy into effect with an estimated 12 million deaths. Of these, 5 million were executed and 7 million starved to death.

Shortly after the end of World War II, the head of the Communist Party in Japan was publicly reprimanded by Moscow because he had said that the Communist revolution in Japan could be accomplished by peaceful means. I was unable to understand this attitude of Moscow, until I witnessed the Red revolution in China.

The Communists did not want to take China by peaceful means. Marxist theory says it must be done by violence. This is desired because violence breeds fear, and

fear is the meat on which communism lives. The Reds convince the Chinese that they must obey by shooting all who do not obey. In every city, in every town, in every village, people are shot as examples.

Except towards those who openly resisted them, the Reds were very friendly that first year. They were affable, approachable, and full of zeal for their cause. Most of them were idealists, who expected a better China to emerge from their struggle. Others were opportunists who believed that China and Russia would conquer the world, and who wanted to get on the "gravy train" early, thus insuring seniority and a good job.

Rice is the economy of South China. Farm taxes are paid in rice. Under the Communists, it became very scarce. An example of how the scarcity of rice affected the people was brought to my attention by some schoolteachers in one of the villages of my mission.

In the last year under Chiang Kai-shek this school had 400 pupils. It was supported by tuition. The tuition ranged from five pounds of rice a semester for first-graders, to twelve pounds for sixth-graders. If a student couldn't pay this tuition he was able to go to the free school conducted by the Maryknoll

mission. After two years under the Reds, the free Maryknoll school was closed, yet the Government school had decreased to 180 pupils. People could not afford a few pounds of rice a year to send their children to school.

During the last spring I was in China, there were famine conditions in many parts of the South. The Reds had made the previous fall's rice tax so heavy that the people did not have enough rice left to last them until next harvest. The Reds then ordered the people to plant winter wheat. Rain and cold weather came just as the winter wheat was almost ripe. The crop rotted in the fields. During the next three months, thousands of Chinese died of starvation.

WE HAD a very active and successful co-operative in the mission where I was stationed. Its affairs were directed by eleven men, elected from among more than 200 members. Shortly after the Reds came to power, they began a whispering campaign against the president of the co-operative. They made his life so unbearable that the president resigned.

This gave the Communists an excuse to call a general meeting, to elect a new president and board of directors. The Reds organized a solid block of 35 votes, made up of wives and other relatives of the pro-Communist element. The other members were not organized. The Reds got five members on the board, but the old president was re-elected.

Despite the people's resistance, the Reds won in the end. I was removed by being arrested. The old president, who was re-elected, is still in jail.

During my six months of detention in another city, every Chinese, not connected with the police, whom I met, was sympathetic to me, an American, and I was never once insulted. This in spite of the terrific anti-American propaganda being carried on.

While the Chinese were ordered to hate Americans, and Christians forbidden to have contact with the priest, many Chinese brought me gifts of eggs and fruits, and made efforts to see me. From the third-floor window of the building in which I was kept, I saw many old friends trying to get in to see me. The guards, however, never permitted them inside the building. I know of four different men, old friends, who made trips of 30 miles each way to bring me food.

The Communists may control the Chinese people's actions, but they are finding it difficult to control their feelings.

OF ALL the means used by Communists to strike fear into the hearts of the Chinese people, the public trial is the worst. The fear of false accusation, sudden arrest, imprisonment or execution, is always present. But the fear of the ordeal of public trial amid the deafening howling of an incited mob, is an agony as bad as torture itself.

One compulsory witness at such

a trial told me that he had never felt so degraded and ashamed in all his life. The victim at this particular trial was a Protestant doctor, who had practiced with devotion and sacrifice, in a small interior town, for ten years. He had talked against Red propaganda. He was arrested one dawn after being roused from sleep. He was held incomunicado for three long and dreary months.

During this time food was scarce and there was grumbling from the people. The Reds decided to make a public exhibition of the doctor, to suppress the unrest. Posters announcing the doctor's public trial were erected on every bulletin board in the district. Red organizers were brought in to speak at school assemblies and at the weekly meeting of every organization.

The doctor was charged with being a spy for imperialistic American aggression against China (false), a member of the Underground Resistance (false), a friend of American missionaries (true), the murderer of twelve Chinese by carelessness (false). He was accused of owning a revolver and bullets (false), of repeated rape (false). This latter charge is made in every public trial.

On the morning of the trial, all the school children of our village were drilled by their teachers. They were taught to shout: "Down with American imperialistic aggression!"

TO BE SICK ·

or cold or hungry hurts just as much in Asia or Africa as in America. Our Lord instructed us to be merciful. Your donation to the Maryknoll Charity Fund will help our missionaries to give help to their suffering people.

"Death to American imperialist spy!" "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" "Beat him to death!"

These slogans were first shouted by Communist teachers, and then repeated by the children at the top of their voices, very much like a cheerleader and cheering section at a football game. When the children were thoroughly trained, they were lined up in

military formation, led by flags, banners and a drum corps, and marched off to the public square.

The children were followed by nearly all the young people of the village. Few adults went along, except under compulsion. When the youths reached the village square, they were joined by other groups marching in from neighboring villages. Loud-speakers had been erected around the square, so that all could hear. It was like a festival.

When the milling crowd had settled into tense expectancy, a uniformed Red, an excellent speaker, mounted the stage and began telling the aims of the peace-loving Red Government. After every statement, cheerleaders started their groups yelling. Carefully the uniformed Red whipped up the frenzy of the mob. He pointed out that the only nation standing in the way of China's conquest in the Far East is America.

Finally, he shouted: "Today we

are holding the public trial of an American spy, an agent of imperialist American aggression. What shall we do with him?"

He was answered by a din of shouts and yells of the slogans that had been rehearsed. At this moment, the thoroughly frightened doctor was led out of jail and dragged to the stage by a dozen political police in uniform. The doctor was handcuffed and bound with ropes and chains. Witness after witness was called up, all carefully handpicked and coached. Each witness tried to outdo the others in oratory and in the horrors of his accusation. At the end of each speech, more cries and yells from the crowd.

Finally the crowd was called upon to furnish further evidence. Various plants rushed from the audience to the stage, screaming new accusations. A young man told how the doctor had tried to get him to spy. A girl said the doctor beat her with heavy blows when she refused his advances. By this time the crowd was completely out of hand, roaring and shouting that the doctor should be beaten to death with clubs. The girl witness picked up an iron bar, conveniently placed on the stage, and knocked the poor doctor to his knees. There he was forced to remain for the rest of his trial.

The first speaker returned to the microphone and called on all his listeners to report anyone who opposed or resisted the Government's program. Then the judge, who was district chief of the politi-

cal police, pulled a prepared sentence from his pocket and read the verdict, "Death by shooting!"

The bugles blew, the drums beat, the soldiers cleared a path through the crowd. The prisoner, supported and dragged by the political police, was taken to the parade grounds outside the village. In front of him was carried a large poster, relating all his crimes. The frenzied mob, stirred into action after standing for two and a half hours, surged around the police.

At the parade grounds, the mob was spread out so everyone could see the coming spectacle. The doctor dropped to his knees in prayer. The executioner, with a heavy pistol in his hand, stood behind him. The bugle sounded the Execution Call. As the highest pitch was reached, an explosion rent the air. The bullet tore away the back of the doctor's skull. The body pitched forward.

The crowd stood still and silent for a moment. Then little groups broke off and started for their homes, realizing for the first time the part they had played in the death of a man who had been kind to them. The confirmed Communists went off singing and chanting their slogans.

WHEN THE REDS took over China, they issued a proclamation that there would be complete freedom of religion. The first antireligious remark was brought to me a month later. One of the Reds, watching my 1,200 people leaving the church after Mass on Pentecost Sunday,

was overheard remarking, "This time next year, the church will be empty."

During the first year and a half under the Reds, there was a big upswing in fervor of the Christians. The church was so crowded every Sunday that we had to add an extra Mass. The church seated 800, but we were able to crowd 1,200 in if the children stood across the front and in the aisles. Many of those present were pagans, who never before had shown interest in religion. During this period, 300 new converts were instructed and baptized. Night schools of religion sprang up all over the parish.

Then the Reds sent out orders for all foreigners to report at Public Peace Bureau offices for the purpose of alien registration. Many missionaries were never allowed to return to their missions again. Others were sent home to house arrest. Some were jailed and held for public trial. Still others were deported. Next the Communists published an order freezing all American assets in China. A Red order confiscated all American institutions. Later the Government ordered that all mission establishments be handed over to the Chinese clergy.

Following this last order, a campaign for the Communist-sponsored Independent Churches began. Every congregation of every denomination was required to hold a meeting, to establish a Patriotic Independent Church. The congregations were also told that they had to cut off all connection with all

Christian Churches outside China. I know of ten Chinese priests, personal friends of mine, who are still in jail because they refused to organize such a Church.

According to figures I have seen, at least seven Catholic bishops and 100 priests have been killed by the Reds. I believe the actual figure is higher. When the murders of Brothers and Sisters are added to the list, the total of those put to death by the Reds runs into the hundreds. Nineteen bishops and 300 priests of various nationalities are now imprisoned in filthy Red jails, and also countless of the Chinese clergy of all Christian denominations.

That is how the Reds practice freedom of religion.

"IF YOU are over 30 years of age, you are too old to make a good Communist," the Chinese Reds tell recruits. The Reds feel that anyone over 30 is too experienced with the world to become a "progressive" in the Communist sense.

One of the baits used by the Reds to attract Chinese youth is idealism. The Reds have trained propagandists to organize youth into a great crusade to create heaven on earth. They are told that Russia is a happy country, where there is no poverty. There is no one to put the youth of China wise to the truth about Russia except the "reactionaries."

One Russian army officer in Canton put it succinctly, when he said: "We had to march on foot more than forty days, to come to

JUNE, 1952

liberate the poor Chinese from the rich capitalists. When we got here, we found that thousands of poor Chinese have potbellies and wrist watches, while no one in Russia has either."

There is no way of knowing the total number of Russians now in China, but the estimate I have heard is 200,000. In Shanghai it is reported that a large residential district was cleared of all Chinese and foreigners, barricaded, and turned over to the Russians.

This influx of Russians is a blow to Chinese pride. During the past two years Chinese Red propaganda has hammered on the idea that foreign aid is not needed in China, that the Chinese are as capable as any foreigner. Now the Reds are hard put to explain the presence of so many Russian guests.

But there is little that the Chinese can do now. The trap has been sprung.

What are the chances of revolt? My work in China was spiritual. I know nothing about logistics or military opportunities. All I know is that almost a half a billion Chinese have been enslaved. Every day, men and women are being put to death because they want to be free. I do not know what the future has in store for China. I can only think of those people to whom I have given a good part of my life. I only know that every day the Russian stranglehold grows tighter.

Please pray for the people of China, and of the whole world. And do everything you can to strengthen our own United States.



MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

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My Name

My Address

City Zone State



... as American as the hot dog.



Their faces expressive with their thoughts, young Chinese of Maryknoll's Mott Street parish pray that peace will soon come to strife-torn Korea.

Mott Street America

■ IN THE VERY heart of downtown New York, under the shadow of the Bowery's Third Avenue "El", lie the few crowded blocks known as Chinatown. The narrow, main street of this area is called Mott Street, and on it is the Transfiguration Church, cared for by Maryknoll.

Each year thousands of tourists crowd the exotic, twisting streets. To most, the area seems like a bit of China transplanted. Actually the majority of the people of Chinatown are as American as the hot dog.

JUNE, 1952





Activities along Mott Street could take place on any street in America. In one photo (above) a young hopeful registers for the annual baby contest; and the brother and sister (opposite) look like certain winners. Father Gleason (below) poses with a visiting baseball squad from Philadelphia's Chinatown.







■ CHINATOWN is noted for its excellent Oriental restaurants, and its unusual dishes. A visitor from St. Louis (above) gets a lesson in the use of chopsticks, from a resident of Chinatown, Lillian Young. Father James F. Smith, pastor of the Maryknoll parish, baptizes (opposite) a new citizen of Chinatown. Father and two other veterans of our Chinese missions work hard to bring to these citizens of the New World the teachings of the Master, born in the Old World.



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The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

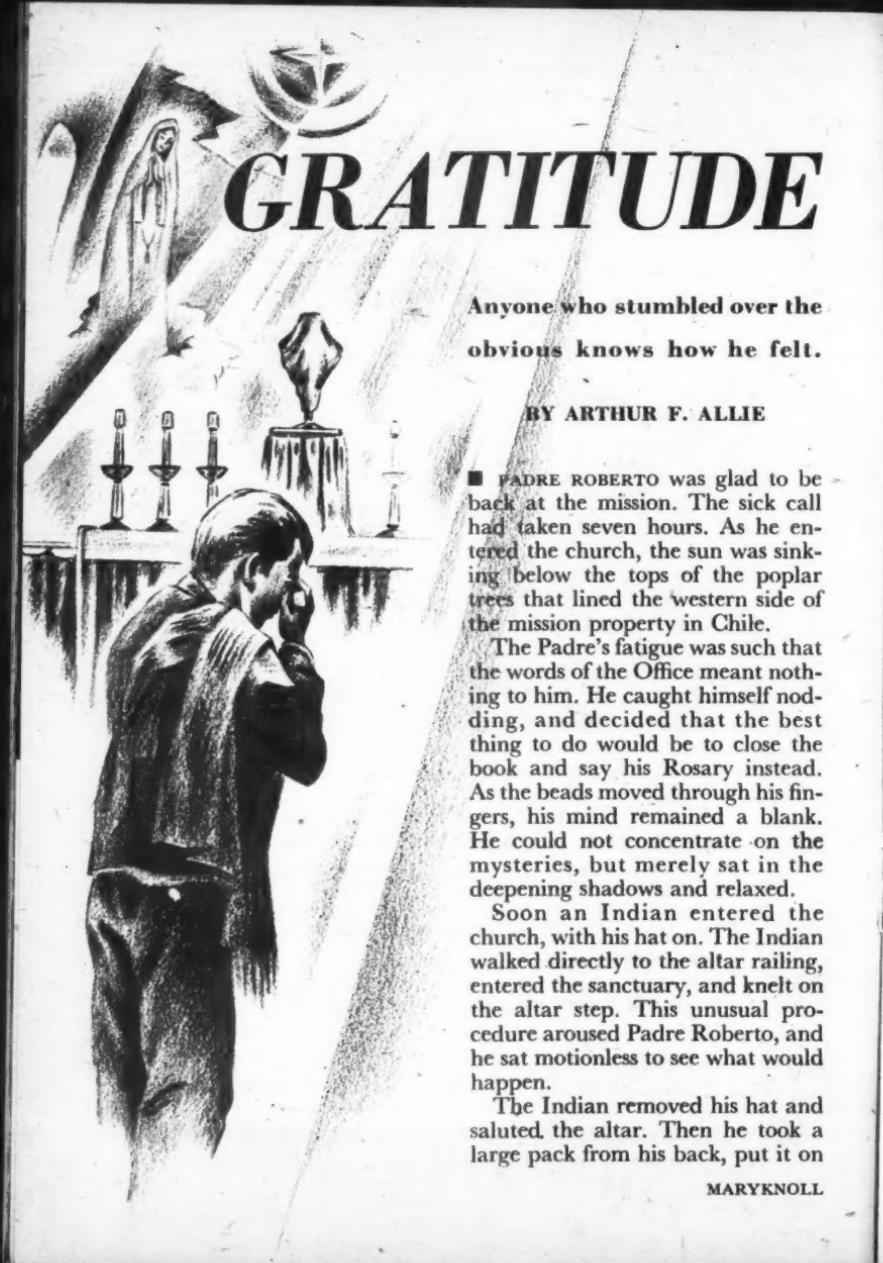
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$ _____ toward the five hundred dollars needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

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GRATITUDE

**Anyone who stumbled over the
obvious knows how he felt.**

BY ARTHUR F. ALLIE

■ PADRE ROBERTO was glad to be back at the mission. The sick call had taken seven hours. As he entered the church, the sun was sinking below the tops of the poplar trees that lined the western side of the mission property in Chile.

The Padre's fatigue was such that the words of the Office meant nothing to him. He caught himself nodding, and decided that the best thing to do would be to close the book and say his Rosary instead. As the beads moved through his fingers, his mind remained a blank. He could not concentrate on the mysteries, but merely sat in the deepening shadows and relaxed.

Soon an Indian entered the church, with his hat on. The Indian walked directly to the altar railing, entered the sanctuary, and knelt on the altar step. This unusual procedure aroused Padre Roberto, and he sat motionless to see what would happen.

The Indian removed his hat and saluted the altar. Then he took a large pack from his back, put it on

MARYKNOLL

the floor, and opened it very carefully. He took out a little cloth packet and touched it to his head; he bowed, and then went up to put the parcel on the altar. With other packets he touched his eyes, his mouth, his stomach. And each time he saluted the altar and put the packet on the table of the altar. All the while he prayed aloud. Finally he saluted the altar reverently, tied up his large bundle again, put on his hat, and walked out of the sanctuary.

Then Padre Roberto stopped the Indian and asked him to explain what he had been doing.

The Indian was surprised. "I did not know you were here, Padre. Forgive me for not saluting you when I came in."

"What was in those packets that you left on the altar?" asked Padre Roberto.

"Yesterday," explained the Indian, "I was sick and could not plow my field. So my brother-in-law did my plowing for me. But while he was working, the metal tip of the plow struck a rock and broke off. It flew up and hit him in the eyes and blinded him. So I thank God that I have my sight, and am not blind like my poor brother-in-law.

"Then today I am feeling better in the stomach. I can work. So I thank God that I am no longer sick.

"We are poor, and my wife must weave all the clothes we wear. But

her eyes are growing dim. She will have to work hard to make our garments before she loses her sight. She is growing deaf, too. So I make offering because

I am grateful I have my hearing. I am strong. I can walk and work. So I thank God I have the strength to work in the fields, that

I am not sick and blind like my brother-in-law. That is why I came to church, Padre — to make God an offering of gratitude for the blessings He has given me."

The Indian saluted Padre Roberto respectfully and left the church.

After the Indian had gone, Padre Roberto knelt and gave thanks to God for the beautiful lesson in gratitude. How many of us, he thought, enjoy all the benefits of health without ever thinking to give thanks to God? But that Indian did not forget. There on the altar he had left his gifts — eight little packets of grain and wool.

"Please, God," the Padre murmured, "from now on, may I never fail to be grateful for the many blessings that Heaven showers on me daily."

Then, opening his breviary, Padre Roberto read his Office for the day, thankfully and reverently. The Indian's words had made him forget how tired he had been after seven hours in the saddle. The fatigue had mysteriously disappeared. In its place had come an exhilaration as real as it was hard to explain.

WILLS

You may wish to have convenient the following form of bequest: "I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. (The Maryknoll Fathers) the sum of \$

Ordained at Maryknoll 1952



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EDITORIAL:

Men of Too Little Hope

■ MOST men have no idea of the happiness to which they have a right either in this world or in the next. The hopes of those outside the Church are, no doubt, far too modest. They lack any definite assurance as to how they are to spend their eternity. Most of them do not know if they are to have an eternity. They do not stipulate for a reasonable amount of peace and happiness even in the present life. They do not suppose that peace and happiness are to be found anywhere, let alone right under their noses. Their only hope, apparently, is to pass a few puzzled years in a guesswork world.

This is a brave attitude in a sense, and it commands a certain respect. It would command downright admiration if it represented truth, for truth is far more important than any man's happiness here or hereafter. Truth is the supreme quest of the human soul. Truth is great and will prevail. Truth is first, and happiness is second; granted, even Hyperion to a satyr. Still, what is to prevent truth and happiness from walking hand in hand? The blessed

reality is that they do. They cannot exist apart; that's the way the universe was built. God made it a cosmos, not a chaos. He did not intend His creatures to remain in this blinded and dubious state, to stumble through one dark world to a completely opaque one, and thus to keep themselves unhappy about both worlds. He wanted them to have the peace that passes understanding.

■ ARE spiritual, mental, and almost every other kind of chaos states in which human beings can be reasonably peaceful and happy? Fortunate is he who knows the causes of things. But it would seem that he, also, is fortunate who does not know the causes, does not even bother to ask what they are. God gave the human race a great faculty to adapt and school itself to be content with little, to get acclimated to almost anything. The provision is good; it is necessary. But humans learned the lesson much too well. God did not intend that people should hug chaos to their bosoms, and regard it



This Month's Cover

Etched on the face of this woman of the soil are all the troubles that Mexico has known during her lifetime. She has seen the Church in trouble; and now that peace has come once more, she breathes a sigh of relief. Ask her what Mexico needs above all, and she will answer, "More priests."

as one of the unshakable foundations of the universe, the only normal condition of human affairs. But this outlook is stubborn, clinging, almost habitual. And that's a pity. It keeps many people half-happy. It leaves them with the pale semi-contentment of resignation; whereas, they ought to know the serene joy of faith, hope and love.

■ LOOK east, west, north or south and you see immense numbers of good people, plus an immense accumulation of deserving human effort, outside the Church. But you need the world's best telescope to see in this deserving human effort, anything except an immense amount of spiritual and mental confusion. It does not matter in which direction you look. Does it make any real difference if a man's aim in life is to own a dozen felt hats and a dozen banks so that he can bequeath them to his descendants, or if the aim is to have his descendants pile up roast pork and filial tributes for him? Is there much difference between the native of New Guinea who hopes to relax under a coconut tree, and the westerner who longs to retire under the elms with a good library?

It's the very same ideal, found under a hundred different forms and in a dozen different climes. And it all comes to much the same thing in the end. That end is not rest in God, and therefore it is human unrest. The trouble is that scarcely anybody anywhere outside the Church knows the answers to life's only serious questions. That is a strange way to be even moderately

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911
by the American Hierarchy to
prepare missionaries from the
United States and to send them
forth, under the direction of the
Holy See, to the mission fields
of the world.

peaceful, let alone happy. The real privation of those people is that they have no steady relationship with God. That's really chaos.

Great multitudes of good people live in this dubious state. The peace and happiness that can co-exist with it must be meagre indeed. There can be salvation outside the Church. God is merciful and just; He judges every man according to his lights. But the simple facts would appear to indicate that there is hardly any salvation outside the Church in this world.

— Bishop James E. Walsh

Fragrant Forest

Enough trouble can only fill the cup.

Any more will only spill over.

BY JAMES E. WALSH

■ "WHERE AM I, and what am I doing? Frying in the Persian Gulf, crossing the Red Sea, climbing a mountain in Kwangtung? Or maybe this is Death Valley—the middle of the Sahara — Manila in March — or just Singapore at any old time at all."

He staggered a little, and slowed down his rapid walk instinctively. Somehow, the pavement was coming up to meet his tired feet unevenly. He groped a moment amid the faraway fancies his dull wits had wandered into for the last, long, interminable block.

A bicycle suddenly shot out of an apartment-house lane, careened on the sidewalk, missed him by the barest inches. He came to a full stop, took off his glasses, and tried to wipe the sweat from them with his wringing handkerchief. "They



could invent an atom bomb," he grumbled, "but of course, they can't discover anything to keep your glasses clean enough to see out of." He did not stop to reflect that nobody could see much even with a telescope, if his eyes were glued to the pavement and his thoughts a million miles away. But the bicycle woke him up, and brought him back to a semblance of reality.

The still, small voice rounded on him, changed its tune, whispered reproachfully. "No, no, my friend, you are not gaining merit in pioneering corners of the earth's surface just now; you are merely walking along Bubbling Well Road in Shanghai, on the 25th of August. You are in the same place where you shivered and froze several months ago, and where you will undoubtedly freeze and shiver again



in just a few months more. You know you are just off on another wild-goose chase that will end in nothing, as usual, so you might as well take your time about it. And why did you pick out the hottest day in the year, and the longest blocks in the city, for the one time and place to walk the whole distance you have to go?"

He fumbled in his coat pocket, felt the few loose, ragged bills that reposed there, and found the answer to the last question at the end of his fingertips. Fact was, he was down to rock bottom almost — wasn't at all sure he had enough cash to pay for a pedicab ride.

He took off the unfortunate hat, rubbed the sweaty band, hoped the perspiration would stop dripping into his eyes. He could not take off anything else: the shirt glued to his

back, the wilted rag of a Roman collar that felt like a noose around his neck. He sighed a little. He was fingering his rosary with one hand, and trying to wipe off the sweat with the soaking handkerchief he held in the other.

"Well, keep moving," he muttered. "This leaves your Widow of Naim right where you found her. And even if her only son isn't dead, he soon will be — and the whole luckless family — if something isn't done."

Mr. Fong was a good friend, but he leaned across his counter with a very serious air when he heard the priest's story. "Guarantee," he whispered, looking at the priest — at the floor — up at the ceiling — out the shop window. "Guarantee," he repeated, shaking his head.

Mr. Fong's gentle, refined face

was full of solicitude and kindness: indeed, so was his heart. But a reader of signs could surmise the answer. Mr. Fong leaned forward. "Listen, Father O'Malley," he said. "You lived in Hong Kong for a time before you came here, did you not? So did I. Well, you remember how it used to be when ships left the harbor: Clerks all over the jetty with club and hotel bills, tailors flocking out in sampans to catch passengers who owed them for six suits of clothes. This is mild compared to what goes on in Shanghai, and everybody knows it. I'm sorry, Father. We'd like to help, if we could, certainly. But our shop has already guaranteed several people, and I could not ask my partners to take on any more."

Father O'Malley, back on the boiling street, found it hotter if anything. The last chance had gone glimmering. Where it left this particular widow and her jobless son, was a problem for an Einstein. With the aid of some relatives, the family had a chance to make a connection in pastures new, if they could go promptly and take advantage of it. They did not owe a cent to anybody; but they would soon owe the whole town, if they were to keep on living without any source of revenue. The guarantee was the hurdle and a difficult one.

Father plodded along for a few blocks, wondering why the wretched

A Harp Without Strings
is useless; but a gift without strings is extra welcome, for it can be used to meet general needs. The Maryknoll Charity Fund needs such gifts: \$1, \$5, \$10 — or whatever the amount that you can spare.

western sun still burned down so fiercely. Wringing wet outside, he was very dry inside, and began to feel a consuming thirst. "Bubbling Well, Bubbling Well," sang in his brain. "Whoever named you, never bounded along this street in August like the hart panting for the waters. I wish I had a cup of tea or something."

"The Fragrant Forest." His eye rested on the sign, took in the small, neat doorway. "Looks respectable enough," he mused, as he came abreast of it. "And small enough to be cheap. Well, let's chance it."

A moment later he blinked, felt in his boots he had made the wrong decision. The uniformed attendant, who popped up from nowhere to open the door, surprised him. Inside, he got the real shock when he found himself in an immense, ornate, crowded tearoom with tables by the dozen as far as the eye could see. "Only thing they haven't got is a floor show," he said to himself bitterly. "It would be my luck to pick out the Stork Club of Shanghai the one time I have no money."

To turn tail and back out was not in the cards, even if he had not been too tired to summon up the quick reaction and the moral courage. He was not given the least chance. A short, stout, smiling, expansive-looking young man, standing by the cashier's desk had spotted him instantly and nodded to a waiter. The waiter was at his elbow in a

jiffy, bowing him to a table. The tea came in a pot, not a cup — and Father was glad of it, as he swallowed a good part of a whole cup in one big, thirsty gulp.

His eye strayed to the next table, looking for some human comfort. He got it in reverse. A man and his family were preparing to leave. He had taken out his check book and was writing a check. That floored Father O'Malley.

"Good heavens," he thought, "what kind of astronomical bills do they hand out in this place?" Writing a check for four cups of tea was a new one. "Maybe they ate four porterhouse steaks along with the tea, when I wasn't looking," he told himself hopelessly.

It did not help him, to see the stout, expansive-looking young man at the cashier's desk suddenly step from behind the counter and head in his direction. The stout young man arrived at the same time as the waiter.

He took the bill out of the waiter's hand, and stood smiling down at the priest. "Father, good afternoon. Never saw you here before. Just leave this little bill to me. Are you from Zikawei?"

The priest slumped back in his chair — gasped — smiled. "I do not live at Zikawei now, although I was there for a time," he replied. "I am stationed at St. Joseph's Church."

"St. Joseph's, eh? Well, I am usually downtown myself; just happened to be up here today. You must be a Jesuit Father." The smile was getting broader and broader. "Maybe you know my brother. He is going to be ordained at Zikawei. Ignatius King."

Father O'Malley looked a little dazed. Of course "Fragrant Forest" was familiar: it was the name of that big place down near the Bund, and of a half-dozen other restaurants and teashops. And he was talking to George King, the older brother—the manager of the whole lot of them.

"Mr. King," said Father O'Malley, "I'm delighted to see you. Of course I know Ignatius. I used to teach him at Zikawei."

This called for more consultation.

By the time Father O'Malley left, he had a promise of the guarantee for his Widow of Naim and her jobless son.

"Glad to do it, Father. God has been good to me, and we've got to help other people a little, try to pass it on. Just a Hail Mary for me, Father."

Bubbling Well Road was cooler, as Father O'Malley bowed along it in a pedicab, paid for by Mr. George King. The big, broad, sun-baked avenue wore a different aspect. It wasn't so badly named, after all.

AN OLD CHINESE MAN lay dying. The priest who came to administer to him was one of those few unfortunate who had been deceived or intimidated into signing the Communist manifesto that aimed to cut off the Church in China from its tie with Rome. The aged Chinese refused the Last Sacraments from him, saying, "I want to receive the Jesus Christ of our Holy Father, the Pope."



Beware of the Jarjo-waks

Here is a ghost story that will tickle your funny bone.

BY THOMAS N. QUIRK

■ THE PEOPLE of the Masanga district, here in Africa, are of the Luo tribe, which includes about a half of the Catholic population in the Maryknoll Prefecture of Musoma. The Luos are a friendly, extrovert type of people. In spite of their contact with Christianity, they still retain many superstitions.

One of the most deeply rooted superstitions is the belief that, every evening after dark, certain malign spiritual beings, called jarjo-waks, roam the countryside, looking for

hapless victims on whom they may play some mischievous pranks. Luos claim that these jarjo-waks assume mortal form and that one way to be sure that jarjo-waks are near is the presence of light in some form.

Father John Schiff, a Maryknoll priest, has been working with the Luos now for several years. Part of his task has been to instruct the newly converted. Yet in spite of many lengthy and logical sermons, disproving the existence of jarjo-waks, Father John realizes that

many Luos are still unconvinced. Their final argument always is: "Padri, we know you do not believe such things exist. But we know people who have actually seen the jarjo-waks or their lights."

"Very well," said Father Schiff, "I ask five of you men to accompany me to the hills tonight. We will camp there all night and we'll be able to disprove once and for all this nonsense about jarjo-waks."

And so that night five men accompanied Father to an all-night vigil. Soon Father Schiff found himself looking and listening as intently as any of the others. (Recently I camped out for three nights, near that section, and heard screechings, sighings, laughter, sabbings, and other weird noises, that defied explanation.)

And then suddenly it happened. There was a light, undeniably, and just about a hundred yards away from camp. Father had the only flashlight, and he led the way to investigate the jarjo-waks. And so an observer might have seen a

strange sight for that part of Africa: a tall figure in white leading five shadows in pursuit of a moving light.

Not all the speed in Father's lanky legs could overtake the light which disappeared quickly over a hill. As the six figures continued the vain pursuit, they came upon a village that seemed to be the home of the jarjo-waks. Lights appeared and disappeared in dazzling fashion. But nary a person could be aroused.

As the first streak of dawn dispelled the darkness, the weary party returned to their own village, each one wrapped in his own thoughts. Later that day, word arrived from a neighboring village, reporting that the jarjo-waks had struck again. They had been seen in meeting. Their tall leader, with five others, had just the night before pursued a hapless victim right into his village. All were warned to be on their guard.

Father John is planning to visit that village soon and to lead some of its residents on a further search for the elusive jarjo-waks.

INDY ANN BUYS A HAT



Letters OF THE MONTH

A personal letter is a sort of portrait of the heart of a friend; here are a few portraits of the hearts of some of our friends.

Invasion

At a dinner tendered by Army chaplains to Maryknollers, there was a Japanese civilian guest. This man is a millionaire and a devout Buddhist. But he is more Christian than most of us in his practical application of charity. Towards the war's end, he saw civilian suffering increase and decided to devote his entire fortune to charity. He requested Buddhist monks to help him, but they were so concerned with the next life that they were incapable of taking steps to relieve suffering in this life. In his disturbed state, he came upon a picture of a priest, saying Mass on the prow of a landing craft. Here was a religion that prayed for men while they were still alive. As a result, this Japanese millionaire has donated two million yen to two orphan asylums established by the Sisters. Last night he assured us all that he stands ready to aid any other worthy projects which we might initiate.

CHAPLAIN E.J.B., Tokyo

Dirty Dollar

I want to tell you The Story of the Dirty Dollar. Every morning I jump into my 1937 Ford, and Ol' Betsy endeavors to reach my building of employment. But one morning Ol' Betsy gave up her ghost.

While waiting for a bus I was disgusted and gave vent to my feelings by kicking at some weeds. Lo and behold,

there was one dirty old dollar bill.

I am sending this dirty dollar to Maryknoll. It will pay for a subscription to your magazine, for my brother. It will send a clean and wholesome magazine to a newly married couple, and enroll my brother and his wife as members to share in the Masses and the prayers of Maryknollers in every mission field.

T.K., New York

My Responsibilities

I am just a kid with a paper route, but I still must do my responsibilities.

I am sending \$1.03, and will send more during the month.

B.N., Washington

Serious Thought

Francis Bernard McQuillan was killed in the battle for Shuri, on the island of Okinawa, on May 18, 1945.

It can be presumed that, if my son were to have lived a normal span of years, he would have accomplished some measure of good in this world. The writer has given serious thought as to how some of this good can be accomplished with the modest means at his disposal. He has settled on Maryknoll, because Maryknoll is engaged in the work of converting to Christianity the people who killed my son.

I ask you to accept the enclosed check for one hundred dollars — four hundred dollars additional to be paid within four years. The placard on the door should

MARYKNOLL

simply read: "In memory of Francis Bernard McQuillan, 1927-1945—Okinawa."

Life is precious to boys of 18 years. The boy who in the future years will occupy the room, which the above sum will furnish, will notice that Frank did not live a full life, did not perhaps have the opportunity to make that last Act of Contrition, and will now and then breathe a prayer for him.

VERN MCQUILLAN, Detroit

Instead

I am writing to thank you for publishing a story concerning work among the South American Indians. The story of an Indian father seeking a priest caused me to wonder what could happen to my month-old son. I insisted we delay no longer over his baptism.

One week later, after less than 24 hours of intestinal flu, our son died.

I have your story to thank for arousing me to my duty instead of delaying.

G.H., California

Closer

I am enclosing one dollar in hopes it will bring someone closer to God.

I am not a Catholic, but have always believed in God. I'm in the service and have been in a hospital for several months. I picked up your magazine and it had never occurred to me before how much people need help in learning about God.

If this small amount will help bring someone closer to God, it will make me very happy.

W.P., Louisiana

Black Cat

Yesterday I withdrew the enclosed check to reinvest it in a conservative stock paying better interest. I thought

stock prices might be unusually low on Friday the 13th. I stopped in a local chapel to pray for guidance before going to my broker's office. Much to my surprise, a black cat came from somewhere near the sanctuary, and hurried to the rear of the building. "How foolish are superstitions," I said to myself. Yet God might use a foolish thing to instruct a foolish person. I resolved not to buy any stock that day, but to send the check to Maryknoll, instead.

H.V.M., New York

Those Boys

It is with a heavy heart that I ask you to cross the "Mrs." off your mailing list and substitute just plain "Mr." My wife has been called home to the great beyond. She was a non-Catholic, but her admiration for Maryknoll and its boys was real. She managed the affairs around here and managed to send you a gift from time to time. She would say, "Those boys deserve the praise and help of the world." Reading your magazine was one of her greatest enjoyments. She would be so happy to know that she is being remembered in prayer by the Maryknoll Boys.

L.S.R., Ohio

A Little Rough

Just a few lines to let you know we haven't forgotten Maryknoll. Things have been a little rough for us lately. But my husband and I decided that the missionaries of Maryknoll could do more good with the bond money than anyone else. I know we will be better off for giving it to those brave priests over there.

Please remember us in your prayers, as we are building our own house the hard way. The Blessed Mother has taken care of us so far. I place my trust in her.

R.B., California



SHRIMP CREOLE

1 box quick-frozen shrimp
1/4 cup diced green pepper
1/4 cup minced onion
1/2 cup diced celery
3 tablespoons butter or other fat
1 tablespoon flour
1 1/4 cups canned tomatoes
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
1 bay leaf
1 small sprig parsley
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 package (1 1/2 cups) pre-cooked rice
1 1/2 cups water
1/2 teaspoon salt

Cook, peel, and clean shrimp as directed on package. Sauté green pepper, onion, and celery in butter 5 minutes. Add flour and blend. Add tomatoes gradually, stirring constantly. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper, sugar, bay leaf, and parsley; cook gently 30 minutes. Remove bay leaf and parsley. Add shrimp and Worcestershire sauce.

Combine pre-cooked rice, water and 1/2 teaspoon salt in saucepan. Mix just until all rice is moistened. Bring quickly to a boil over high heat, uncovered, fluffing rice gently once or twice with a fork. (Do not stir.) Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 10 min. Arrange on platter. Cover with shrimp mixture. Serve at once. Makes 5 servings.

Note: If desired, 3/4 pound fresh shrimps may be substituted for quick-frozen shrimp.

■ THERE ARE two important basic foods in the world: wheat and rice. Roughly speaking, half the people of the world depend on one, half on the other. Actually, the number of those eating rice is greater than that of those eating wheat. Most of the Orient and parts of Africa and Central and South America fall into the "rice belt."

For most of the people in the Orient, rice is the keystone of their life. It has determined their history and been the cause of wars and migrations, and its sufficiency has meant the difference between life and death. In many places it is used as money.

Since the end of the war, rice has taken on a new popularity in America. Most U.S. housewives shied away from rice because cooking it was time-consuming and difficult. Today, because of the ingenuity of an Afghan, this is no longer true. He discovered a way for the housewife to turn out a succulent dish of rice in about a minute.

The Afghan, Ataullah Durrani, came to the United States as a chemist. He was intent on developing a pre-cooked rice. After many years of research, he succeeded in 1941, and his new product became popular with the Armed Forces. Since then 60 million boxes have been bought by American housewives.

F^{OOD} for M



Half the people of the world
depend upon rice as the main
food for their meager diets.

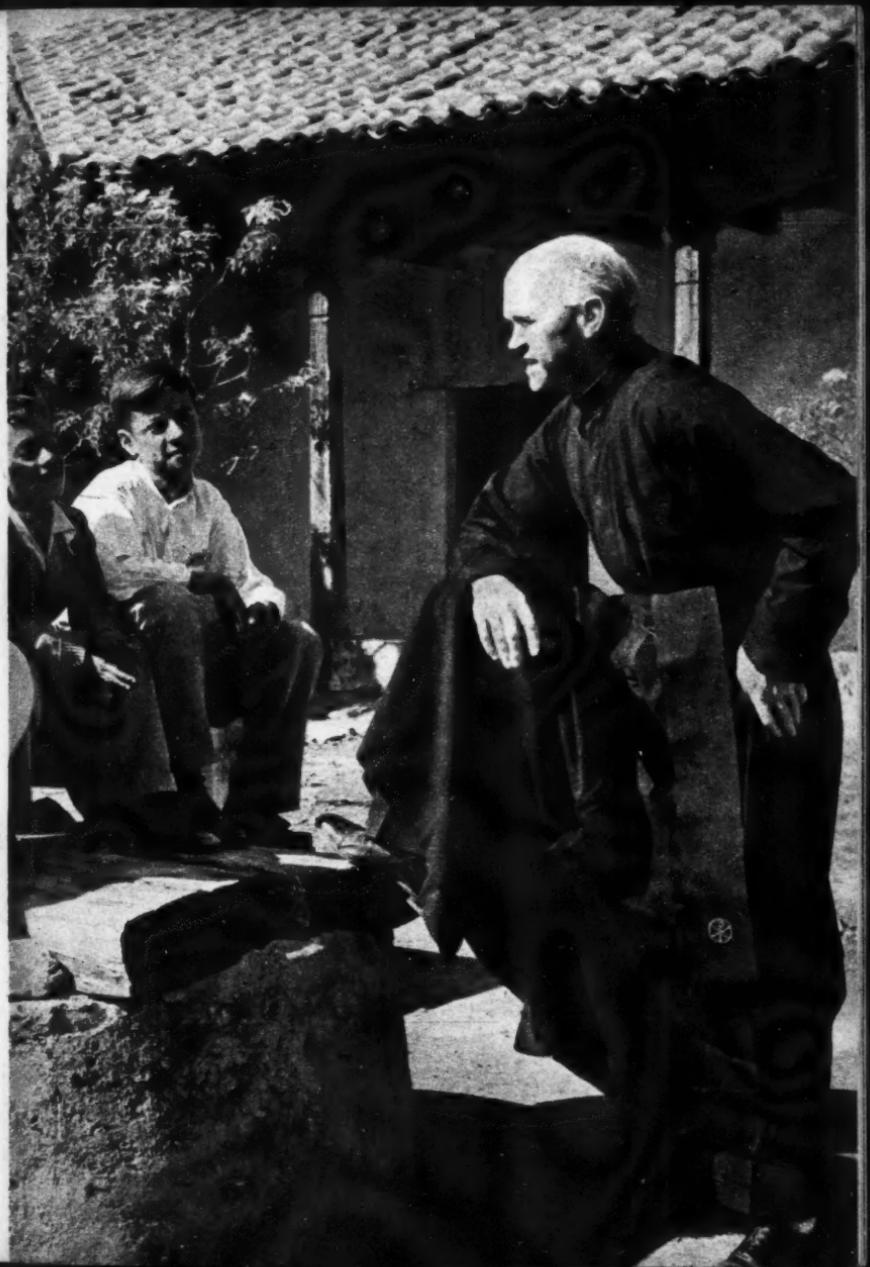
MILLIONS

PADRE DANE

■ FATHER DANIEL F. LENAHAN, a Maryknoller from Brooklyn, brought a wealth of experience to his work in Guatemala. After ordination, in 1939, he was assigned to Korea. Pearl Harbor put an end to his work among the Koreans: he was interned, and later repatriated. For the remainder of World War II, he served as a chaplain. He saw overseas duty with the 8th Air Force in England. Not long after his discharge, he was assigned to Guatemala. Now Padre Dan is working among the descendants of the Mayan Indians. Guatemala has fewer priests in proportion to the Catholic population than any other country in the world. In Guatemala there is one priest for every 30,000 persons.

Padre Dan talks it over in Malacatancito. (Below) He served as a chaplain.







Padre Dan's church at Malacatancito is one of the few in Guatemala with a resident pastor. Unusually fortunate are these Indian girls. Padre Dan will bring all the riches of the Faith into their lives.



The Doctor Heals Himself

■ ONE OF the Japanese doctors here in Hikone, Japan, married a Catholic before World War II. At that time he had a very bitter attitude towards the Church. He refused to promise to have the children raised as Catholics and was determined that no son or daughter of his would ever know anything about Christ.

As the years passed and his wife bore him no children, the doctor began to wonder. It was a tremendous disappointment to the couple and gave this learned man much food for thought. He began to ask himself if perhaps he was being punished. Could it be that God had given him no children simply because he refused to give those children back to God?

Convinced that this was the case, the doctor changed his ways. Now he is studying the doctrine. And he is doing all in his power to give the Catholic Faith to others. He supervises several large TB sanatoriums — TB is the most prevalent and most dreaded disease in Japan — and considers it his duty to help his patients spiritually as well as physically.

This lay apostle has undertaken

BY JAMES F. HYATT



to imitate the Saviour, who healed the lepers and gave sight to the blind and, at the same time, filled their souls with faith, hope and love. Although this doctor can perform no miracles, he can, through medicine, restore health to the body. And through zeal he can show his patients the importance of religion, and introduce them to the priest.

This doctor has asked Father Witte to accompany him as he makes his rounds. When the pair arrive, the doctor takes the floor, telling his listeners of the need of faith. He puts special stress on the influence that faith has on the health of the body. Nothing, he tells his patients, can help more to regain strength, than faith and confidence in God. And where is this faith to be found? Not in Buddhism or in Shintoism: neither teaches the existence of a Personal Creator. No, real faith is to be found only in Christianity. —

Then the patients are introduced to Father Witte. As a result of this Japanese doctor's work, large numbers of patients have begun studying Catholic doctrine. Lay helpers like the doctor are gems every missioner prays for.



SPECIAL OFFER TWO MARYKNOLL FAVORITES

EARLY DAYS OF MARYKNOLL

—3rd printing of Bishop Lane's vibrant and humorous tale of Maryknoll's first ten years. \$3.00

WHEN THE SORGHUM WAS HIGH

New edition of Father Considine's biography of Father Jerry Donovan, Maryknoller, murdered in Manchuria by bandits. \$1.00

\$4.00 value, BOTH for \$2.80

CATHOLIC ALL-OCCASION CARDS

Fourteen full-color designs on quality paper with envelopes.

\$1.00 a box

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Assortment of 20 large sheets with cards and stickers to match.

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Two thrillers for boys and girls,
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The Adventures of Kenji of Japan. \$2.75

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Lots of Brothers and Sisters \$2.00

Thomas, the Good Thief 1.00

The Important Pig 1.00

Long Road to Lo-Ting 1.00

\$5.00 value for \$3.95

ORDER COUPON BELOW

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

VI

Please send:

Enclosed find _____ Bill me _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

MARYKNOLL



Sister Eva Burke of Cambridge, Mass., gives the old religion to the new Japan.

Afield with the Sisters

■ WHENEVER I entered the hospital ward to instruct Haruko, Fushimi turned her back and, with a great show of annoyance, began to read a book.

"I don't know what makes her act like that," said Haruko. "She's usually a very nice girl, Sister."

I gave everyone in the sanatorium a card at Christmas. But Fushimi looked at me with hard eyes as I proffered my greeting.

In January she called me to her bedside. I saw the terror in her eyes lest I should refuse.

"Listen, Sister," she said, in the short, breathy sentences of TB pa-

tients. "Last night, a black dragon, with fiery eyes and big, black wings, was after me. I ran and ran. Then I saw somebody in white. She turned to me, and I saw it was the lady on that card you tried to give me for Christmas. She folded her cloak around me, and I wasn't afraid anymore."

I told Haruko of Our Lady and the kindly way she has of folding us poor sinners in her cloak, to bring us to the feet of her Son.

Fushimi wanted to learn more about the Lady, but her boy friend, the son of a Shinto priest, would not let her. However, Haruko persuaded

him to come to the ward and listen. He liked what he heard.

In Japan, tuberculosis patients are allowed to wander around pretty much at will. They often cook their own meals. Fushimi and her boy friend, Oki, were everywhere. They carried trays to patients, so that they could talk about the Faith. They edited a little newsheet to stimulate interest. One week, they worked in relays, preparing a dying man to meet God.

In August the two were baptized. They were deliriously happy. I thought of the Apostles, who were so happy at Pentecost.

Margaret Mary (Fushimi) must have known her time would be short. She and Paul (Oki) were like twin fountains of faith in that hospi-

tal. At least a dozen new Catholics owed their happiness to them.

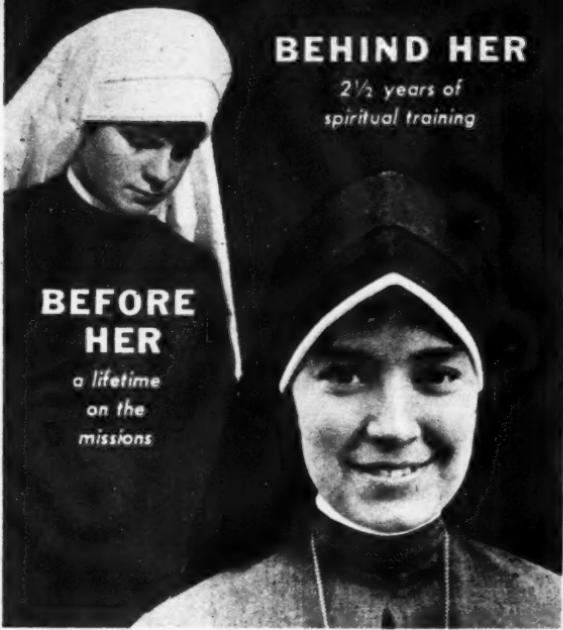
One year later, Paul wrote to me: "She is dead. Four days of high fever, a day or so of apparent improvement; then she called me to her bedside near midnight.

"I'm going to heaven, Paul. Going to Our Lady in white," she said. "We have been such good friends, Paul. I thank you for your love for me. You must marry someone else. We can be friends again in heaven."

"She died in the morning, fortified with the Last Sacraments. Many people I never saw before came to Margaret Mary's funeral. She is praying, I know. Our catechumens at the hospitals have increased."

Lessons by Sister Hostia Bruns, of St. Louis, Mo., are more than easy to take.





BEHIND HER

2½ years of
spiritual training

BEFORE HER

a lifetime
on the
missions



A few short years ago, she was just a fine American girl. Now she is a Maryknoll Sister, ready to go to the ends of the earth for Christ and His Church. The difference lies in those training years.

YOUR help in supporting her while training, is long-range, well-spent mission aid.

"Blessings on you!" say thousands of black and yellow, brown and white people she will aid in her lifetime.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, New York

I enclose \$600 for the support and training of a Sister Missioner-in-the-making for a full year.

I enclose \$_____ toward the support and training of a Sister Missioner-in-the-making.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



The
berg

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The audience at the play included the Papal Delegate, Archbishop de Furstenberg, Monsignor Carroll and fellow priests, and Koreans of the Pusan area.

KOREAN MAKE-BELIEVE

■ BISHOP BYRNE of Maryknoll, Papal Delegate in Korea when war came, was seized by the Reds and has disappeared. His Holiness named Archbishop de Furstenberg, Papal Delegate to Japan, as Bishop Byrne's substitute, with Monsignor George M. Carroll of Maryknoll as local representative. When the Archbishop visited Korea, the youngsters of the Pusan orphanage staged a charming play for him.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE M. CARROLL

What rare poignancy in the smiles of these Korean war orphans as their delightful stage story lifts them out of the pain and horror that surround them!



The costume of each "chorus girl" was made of newspapers; each young man's bicycle was cut from cardboard. No Broadway production ever worked such miracles!

■ A medical team of Maryknoll Sisters, led by Sister Mary Mercy and aided by Sister Agnus Therese, both able doctors, has worked wonders among the wretched Korean refugees who have poured into Pusan. Below, Sister Mercy holds a typical child wanderer that reached this South Korean center. Good food and warm affection put flesh on these children's bones and the light of joy and peace in their eyes. American G.I.'s are giving generous sums to help the Sisters in their work with the poor and the homeless.

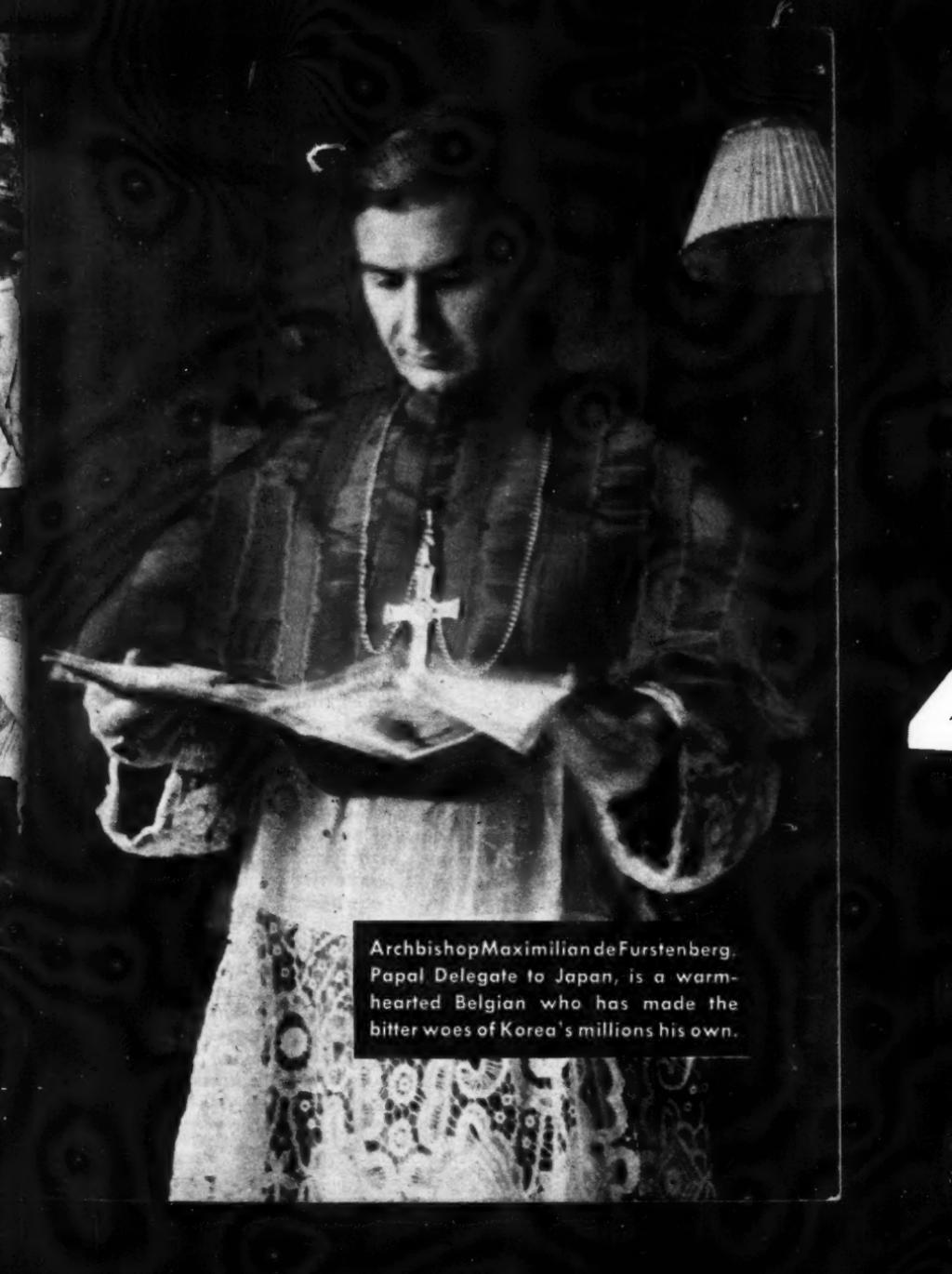




Maryknoll's Father Craig visits a boys' town conducted by a zealous Korean priest. Father Flanagan on his visit to Korea gave him the idea.



Silent heroes of the war are the Korean Sisters, who bear all sufferings with their people. The orphans come from Father Duffy's parish.



Archbishop Maximilian de Furstenberg,
Papal Delegate to Japan, is a warm-
hearted Belgian who has made the
bitter woes of Korea's millions his own.

Sister Alicia Finds an Answer

BY THOMAS P. O'ROURKE



■ SISTER ALICIA sat back in her chair and tried to find some suitable answer to Juanito's question. It wasn't a new question. She had heard her mother ask the same thing years ago, when rumors first reached her little village in the pine-covered mountains of Mexico.

"What can a missioner do here?" her mother had asked, as she and Alicia sat outside their one-room, mud house to enjoy the last sunlit moments of the day. Alicia couldn't answer the question then.

But she could still remember what had happened when the missioner passed a day or two in their village. Then each day's dawn was welcomed with the clang of the church bell. And as quietly as the dawn itself, almost everyone in the village walked the cobweb maze of paths that led to the little church.

In those days there seemed to be a new air to the village. New relationships were formed as men and women carried fat little infants to baptism. There were fiestas as young couples were joined in marriage. Almost everyone took on new growth in the life of the spirit.

Many of the younger children received their First Communion.

The coming of the missioner was also a signal for rest. For the fiestas promptly enticed the farmers to leave their work undone. It was a time of peace, for all quarrels were forgotten, and many were forgiven in the presence of the missioner.

Sister Alicia remembered all this and much more. How could she forget the hours she had spent teaching the catechism, the first sermons of that missioner, whose accent seemed so strange at first and later was almost unnoticed? Still more vivid in her mind were memories of what the missioner had done: the long hours he had spent in the confessional, his care of the sick, his soccer games with the kids, his advice to the farmers.

Sister Alicia could remember the time when she had told the missioner that she wanted to be a Sister. How many questions he had asked! And how many questions of her own he had so quickly solved. Her parents didn't have even enough money to pay for her trip to the convent; but the missioner had friends down in the big city where the convent was, and they helped her realize her dreams.

When Sister Alicia looked down on the rows of desks, she saw that all the youngsters were waiting for her to answer Juanito's question.

"Juanito," she smiled confidently, "suppose I start answering your question by saying that, if it had not been for a missioner, I would not be teaching you today?"

MARYKNOLL



HELP DRY THOSE TEARS!

■ This crying baby symbolizes all the children of the world who are suffering as a result of man's hatred for man; starving not only from lack of food, but also from lack of love. This could be your child, your brother.

You can help him.

Maryknoll missioners are trained for that purpose.

Twenty-one newly ordained priests will soon leave to take Christ's love to the children of the world. But they cannot go unless you send them. \$500 is needed for the equipment and transportation of each missioner.

Help dry those tears by building a "bridge of love" between you and the children through the missioners.

You cannot go yourself. See that a Maryknoller gets there. Please! Give what you can, as soon as you can, toward that \$500!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

I enclose \$ _____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missioner to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The Maryknoll Roundup

Laughing Matter. One day Father Joseph A. Reinhart, Maryknoll Missioner from Ontario, Canada, decided to give a treat to the Bakuria among whom he works in the Rosana mission of Africa. He played for them a selection of records, ranging from Spike Jones' City Slickers to the Vatican's Sistine Choir. When he played "Funiculi, Funicula," the Bakuria laughed uproariously. They must have thought the songstress was laughing when she sang those high, staccato notes.



FR. REINHART

Not For Export. Shortly after the "liberation" of Kweilin City, in China, Father Edwin J. McCabe, Maryknoll Missioner from Providence, R.I., heard a Communist soldier telling the doctor in charge of the hospital how the Russians had developed a medicine that can keep people alive for over a hundred years. The doctor listened intently and then asked: "Oh, is that so? How long have they had that? Would you

FR. McCABE

please tell me where I can buy some of that wonderful medicine?" The Red Army soldier replied, "The Russians have had this medicine for over twenty years. But for now, only a few very important persons like Stalin and Mao can afford it."

Hold That Line. Father Vincent A. Cunningham, Maryknoll Missioner from Scranton, Pa., now stationed in Puno, Peru, tells this one: "The captain of our altar boys' football team, Roberto Castillo, better known as Chi-Chi, was gravely ill in the local hospital. When he was told that his team was having a Saturday encounter with the seminarians, two Sisters of Charity had to be posted at his bedside to keep him away from the game. The absence of Chi-Chi was sorely felt, as the altar boys lost a four to three decision. After the game the altar boys were invited to the seminary for a movie."



FR. CUNNINGHAM

Owners of the Woods. Father Peter J. Petrucci, Maryknoll Missioner from Farmington, W.Va., now stationed in Carrillo Puerto, Mexico, writes as follows: "Alongside the

MARYKNOLL

big church, there is a chapel to which the natives used to bring the first fruits of the harvest, to have them blessed and divided among the people. But when the people did not invite me to bless the first fruits I felt like a stranger. It is because the people have the wrong idea. A native told me that the people offer the first fruits to appease the 'owners of the woods,' little old dwarfs who can cause all sorts of mischief. This is a custom to be Christianized."



FR. PETRUCCI

and picks out those portions that were cooked the longest. Last week a little fellow carried a broiled fish to the rectory as a gift from his parents. "Padre," said the boy, "my Mom says if you do not wish to eat the head, send it back to her please."

Surprise! "Pleasantly surprised was the Maryknoll household in Hong Kong when a phone call brought the information that three Maryknollers were coming across the border from Red China," writes Father Maurice F. Ahern, Maryknoll Missioner from Chicago, Ill. "When I saw the Maryknollers, they looked like fit substitutes for the bad men featured in so many Western movies. All of them had been months without a shave or a haircut. Fortunately these Maryknollers, who had been expelled from China by the Reds, are well physically. After some weeks of rest and good food, they will be ready to tackle new assignments!"



FR. AHERN

Off With His Head! The peculiar eating habits of Father Bernard R. Garrity, Maryknoll Missioner from Chelsea, Mass., amuse the people in Cachuela, Bolivia. There, the accepted way of cooking a fish is to place it on top of an open fire until it becomes scorched, without wasting either time or vitamins by cleaning it. Father Garrity, however, prefers to clean his fish. If one has already been cooked, he cuts it open

Any person interested in becoming a Maryknoll missioner should write to:
THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

6-2

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest Brother

(Check one.) I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____

Street _____ School _____

City, Zone, State _____ Class _____



Maryknoll Want Ads

Children Have No Politics. Help us save the unfortunate child victims of war in Korea. There the sum of 10c feeds a child for one day. A day of life for the price of a newspaper!

Sanctuary Lamps — a year's supply of oil for a Maryknoll mission will cost \$25. The offering will be consumed before the Blessed Sacrament.

Organ-ize The Church, that is, provide it with an organ! A bad pun, but a real need in Puno, Peru. An excellent instrument can be secured for \$1,000. Will some friend provide all or part of the sum?

14 University Students board with a Maryknoll priest who teaches at the Kyoto University, Japan. Those poor Japanese students cannot afford to live at the University boarding house. Hostels, that is student boarding houses, under Catholic management, are desirable to provide material and spiritual assistance to students. The complete cost of a hostel will be \$15,000. The breakdown: \$2,500 for one unit (6 units are necessary). \$1,000 will build a combination chapel-and-study-hall; \$500 will provide recreation rooms, tennis courts, and bath facilities for a hostel, and \$100 will guarantee board for two students during an entire scholastic year. Educated Catholics are the hope of Japan. This is a worth-while project. Will you help?

64

Spanish Keyboard typewriters, second-hand ones, can be supplied to our school of commerce in Bolivia for \$60. If you can't type on one could you pay for one?

Confession means as much to Chileans as to you. Who will buy a confessional for a Maryknoll mission in Chile? The confessional will cost \$50. Confessionals are requested for Peru, also.

Who Will Give a tabernacle for a Maryknoll church in Bolivia? The cost will be \$550. The donor's name will be inscribed on the tabernacle, as a memorial.

\$150 A Year will train an Indian boy for the priesthood in Guatemala. Three such boys need assistance; really they deserve it. And six more native boys studying for the priesthood in Bolivia, and two in Mexico, require similar aid.

Oil Is Needed for the lamps of China but gasoline and oil are needed for the lamps of Bolivia. "Our electric light plan is a blessing," writes Monsignor Danehy, "but it just won't work without gasoline and oil. We can borrow a jeep for urgent sick calls — but that, too, needs gas and oil. Can you oil our palm with \$5 or \$10 for these purposes?"

Scapulars — 500 of them, at 5c each — are requested for T.B. hospital patients in Bolivia. \$25 for all, or 20 scapulars for \$1.



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CHRIST FOR JAPAN

Maryknoll missionaries in Japan are successful. That is an understatement. In a sense they are too successful if their increase in converts is to be compared with the makeshift, tiny chapels they are forced to use. The missionaries build the Church, which is the people. You can assist them by helping to build the churches, that is, the required edifices.

Here are some itemized costs. Will you select and donate an item in whole or part?

| | check your item |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Church, Sonobe (100 Baptism on recent feast) | \$12,000 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Church, Uji-Yamada | 10,000 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Combination chapel and parish hall, Ao-Dani (Center of many villages with new converts) | 4,000 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Convent for Sisters, Uji-Yamada (The pastor can instruct only part of the prospective converts) | 4,000 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Catechetical work (So many things are needed to handle mass convert classes) | 2,000 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Chapel in student dormitory | 1,000 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Projectors and films for religious instruction | 500 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Catechisms and religious books | 250 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Fire wood to heat halls for instruction | 50 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Salaries for catechists, per month | 25 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 11. Gasoline for transportation of teachers, per month | 20 <input type="checkbox"/> |

If you like mathematics, total up that sum. We need every penny of it and we don't know where we can get it. Do you? Perhaps it will please you to share the burden in gratitude for your own Faith.

If so, send your choice and offering to

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

People are Interesting!

Rosa, the Blind Lady,
and Her Penny



1. When a missioner visited a new village in a distant valley a man told him about blind Rosa.



2. "Padri, a blind woman named Rosa lives alone in a hut near here. She is a good Catholic."



3. Rosa, joyous at the call of a priest, said after confession, "Padri, I've something for you."



4. From her handkerchief she took a penny and gave it to the missioner with a smile of triumph.



5. "God has been so good to me," she cried. "Use this to help others less lucky to know Him."



6. Thus Rosa the blind lady gave her only coin for others to possess the riches of God's love.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

YONKERS 2 NY 5

127 YONKERS AVE

MRS H MURRAY

